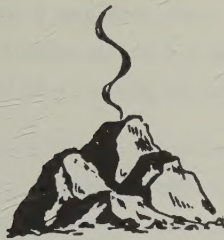


SMOKE

VOL. 1 — NO. 4

DECEMBER — 1931



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PROVIDENCE

RHODE ISLAND



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FAREWELL IN WINTER NIGHT

(Dedicated to the memory of Anna Pavlowà)

I saw that hour darkening blue and clear
Above the roofs of the familiar town,
Through the bare elm-boughs' icy glittering;
But saw no stars, if any stars were there,
Only the moon's white crescent drifting down
Like some great bird, scaling on calm still wing.

There should have been a voice to fill the night
With human song, reaching beyond the air
To that celestial tone the purest note
Aspires to, when the inner cry takes flight
From ecstasy of longing, in a prayer
Of speechless music from the singer's throat.

One soul there was who took the empty blue
Of midnight, and the wings of a white bird,
And myth of song in death, of mute throat singing;
And threaded through the night a snow-white clue
Out of the labyrinth of shadows, stirred
With song heartbroken out of heartbreak springing.

"Play that last measure softly," till the sky
Opens in pity those mysterious deeps
Where wing and moon and music all are gone,
Now that in memory love's aspiring cry
Echoes unheard, and beauty's vision sleeps
In the last gesture of the dying swan.

GRANT H. CODE

THE OAK TREE

Where all the winds conspire to blow
A frozen pasture full of snow,
There stands a solitary, twisted tree,
A snarl of angry symmetry,
Whose branches, like the horns of deer,
Defy the air, as though wild fear,
Borne on some scent or dreaded sound,
Had tied its footsteps to the ground.
Fettered, the oak-tree stands aghast,
Tossing great antlers to the blast.

LOUISE DAMON

SMOKE

THE LIVING CORPSE

A man lies dead in Moscow
Under a shaken sky
Echoing thunder on Moscow
While the black throng goes by
The man stretched dead in Moscow
Who cannot ever die.

Above them on the Kremlin
The eagle in the sun
Flies golden on the Kremlin
With all his screaming done
Where red flags on the Kremlin
Fly for the silent one.

The silent one in Moscow
Within a sleep of glass
Speaks to the throng of Moscow
Who listen as they pass
Till the eagle on the Kremlin
Becomes as stricken brass

The feathers fall gold and red
(Like leaves in falling leaves)
On Moscow for the words said
(Leaves fall in falling leaves)
By the dead who is not dead;
Leaves fall in falling leaves
Leaves fall in falling leaves

WINFIELD SCOTT

S M O K E

VOYAGE THROUGH A QUESTION

To G. K.

You?

Where were you living last, a moment ago?
Where will you be living a moment hence
When my voice halts again before it begins?

You ask me to speak. . . .

You are here again.

Have you returned

to me?

I have remained here long,
Voyaging through the incredibly small compass
Of our ten locked fingers.
I have blundered here,
Being myself and a stupor,
One and the other and both in one.

Wraith of earth!

Ghost of a willow!

Your footsteps make a sound.

Here is your arm in mine.

If I should grasp you,

Embrace you with immense

Strength, would you —

where?

Incorporeal?

S M O K E

Earth can not speak,
But take and give
Vastly, vastly.
Beholding you, I take one breath
As vast as the earth,
And remain in the incredibly
Small
Compass
Of our ten . . .

where are
You?

We shall never find it

VICTOR HILL

MUSIC

Music is bird from covert to sing
More prized because it unaware
Takes by stealth the imprisoned soul
With meanings, nothing but what it bring
Of corresponsive faults and colorings.
 Echo and re-echoe borrowed and lent,
 Greater returned than loaned;
 To reinvest and haunt
 With more than all was meant.
Seems new now in new revealings
Through tone and rhythm and broken melody,
And interclimbing airs more seldom valued more,
More roseate tinting, troublous lengthening,
Piercing together as it moves the harmony
Has all along been sprinkling pauses fathomless hush
Descending into silent cells resound,
 To surprise the sleepers there,
 Unconscious laid and mute,
Need but a touch to wake marvels profound,
Close in, on again, unsolved, unsolved.

ALBERT GALLATIN REMINGTON

Remington was a Brown University graduate and obscure New York lawyer and a forgotten experimentalist in poetry of the last century. "Music", according to Frank Merchant, now engaged in a Master's thesis on the poet, is, perhaps, Remington's most distinctive work. It is from the pamphlet "Ethos", p. 13. Harris Collection at Brown University.

SMOKE

PERPETUATE YOURSELVES . . .

Perpetuate yourselves, gentlemen,
write a poem, a letter to your paper,
sing a song — do not perish;
invent something, a fish-hook for destiny.
Advertise: "I will give feverishly
"A penny for the latest paper,
"A dime for posterity,
"Two bits for immortality!"

[I know. It is not easy to die.
[You wish to feel people remembering
[you have been here. It is hard.]

Work fast!
Shout aloud for indelible ink
bears your name.

[Earth will be kind. You will lie prone
[with hands together
[and never know.]

DUNCAN EMRICH

SMOKE

PAGEANT

Heraldic crest of maples—
Flame—flung across translucent blue,
A helmet—gold of cornfields—
Pressed to a hill's grey brow,
Plume of sumach, gory symbol
Of Summer's vainglorious defeat,
And I, unfeeling, saunter by

Tattered remnants of once-verdant armor
Cling to a supine spirit,
Smoke veils shroud a fallen figure,
Gleaming bronze of Autumn's fashioning,
Heap upon heap, burst into holocaust.
A victim greets oblivion.

Hiss of flame, sting of a thousand swords,
The captor's eerie laugh
Surround me. I do not struggle.
Autumn's scarlet hosts are masters of the art
Of guileful persuasion. Unfeeling—
I find the only answer—with Summer
In a viking funeral.

ROSEMARY N. GLOVER

SMOKE

BARTER

Peddler, what do you cry for sale?

Have you hearts to proffer?

Sir, my hearts bring high retail. . . .

How much will you offer?

Fifty crowns plus fifty more

I'll give to you and gladly.

Sir, your gold is all too poor

For what you want so badly.

Then peddler, name whatever price

You will, and I shall pay it.

Sir, your own heart may suffice. . . .

If you will let me weigh it.

W. H. GERRY

SMOKE hereby suspends publication,
pending the establishment of new
printing facilities. Any communica-
tions should be addressed to W. H. Gerry,
at Seven Arnold Street, Providence,
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